



CHARLES STARRETT

the DURANGO KID

No. 12

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

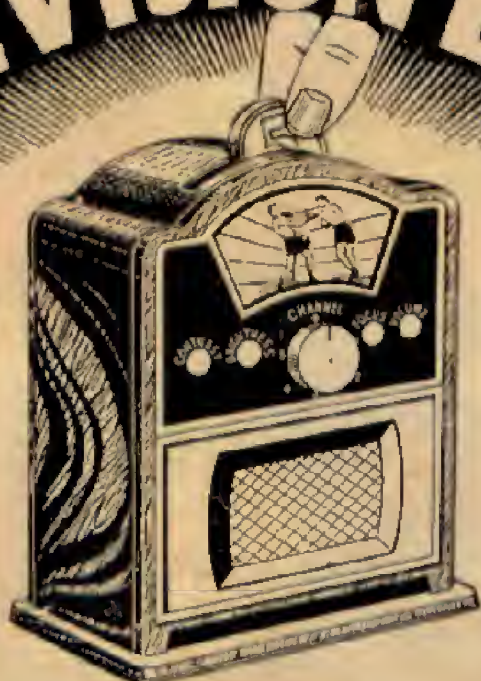
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midgem wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COINS! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU.** bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 46BH, New York 2, N. Y.

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 46BH
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

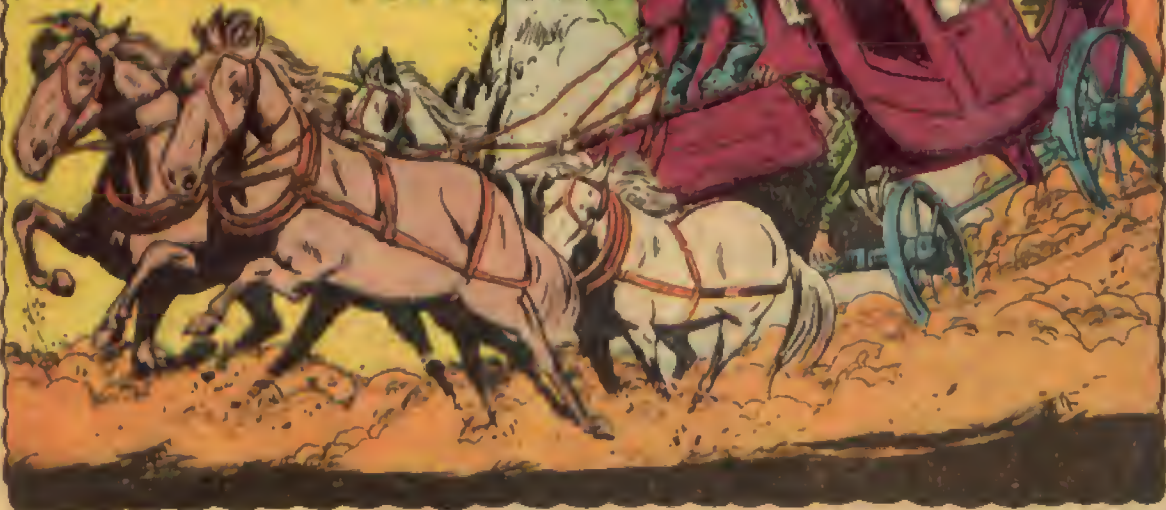
- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

The DURANGO KID

THE HIGHWAY
GREYHOUNDS OF
THE EARLY DAYS
WERE THE STAUNCH
STAGECOACHES THAT
CARRIED MAIL AND
PASSENGERS ACROSS
THE LAND. THE
BOUNDLESS PLAINS
HAD A THOUSAND PERILS—
EACH BUSH HAD AN ENEMY AND
THE HOWLING WINDS CARRIED THE
SONG OF DRYGULCH BULLETS, SCREAMING
DEATH! IT TOOK GRIT, GUTS AND
MEN LIKE STEVE BRAND, ALIAS
THE DURANGO KID
— TO COME



'SHOOTIN' THROUGH'



WELL, PETE — YOU'VE FINALLY
GOT A STAGECOACH LINE ALL
YOUR OWN. I WISH YOU ALL
THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!

I'LL **NEED**
THAT LUCK, STEVE
— BECAUSE THIS
LINE **ISN'T**
ENTIRELY
MY OWN...



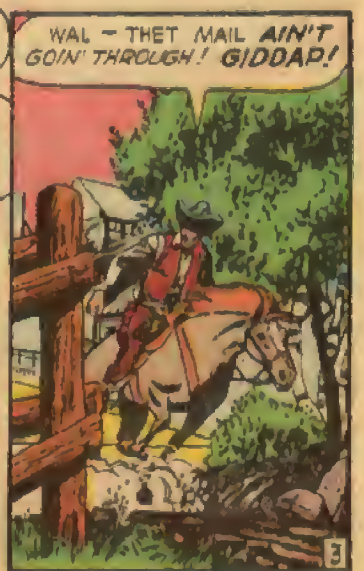
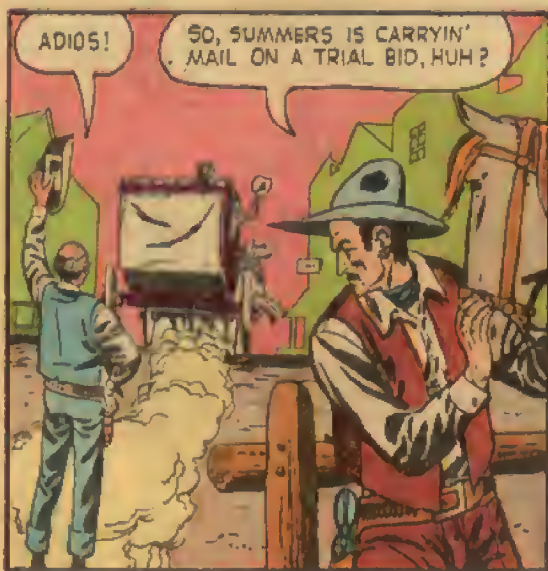
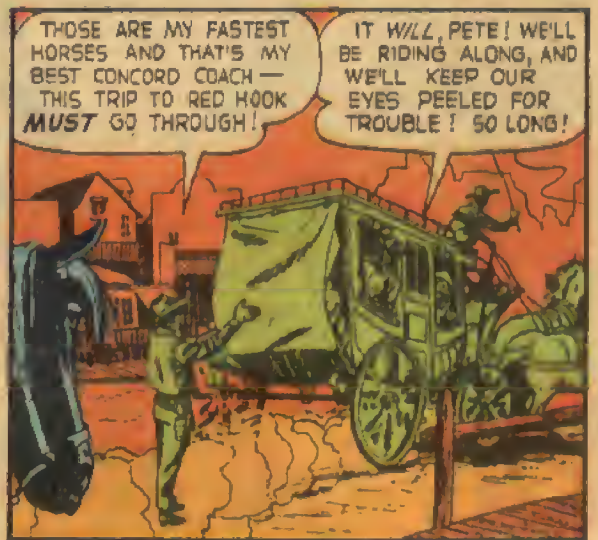
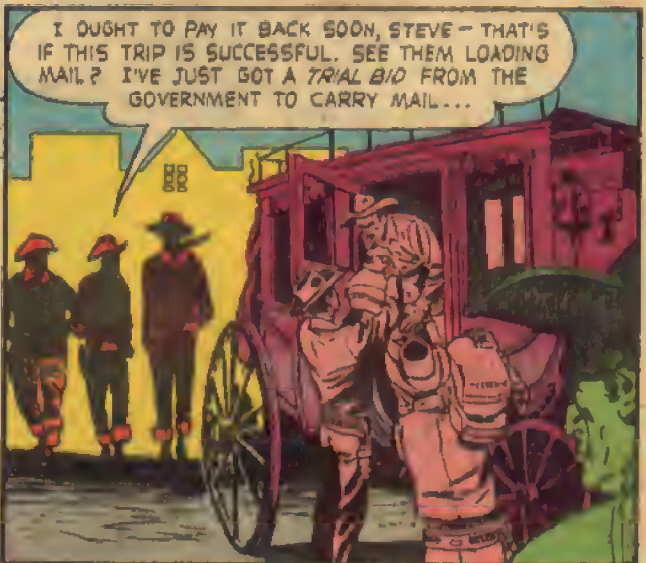
YOU SEE, I HAD TO BORROW A
LOT OF MONEY TO GET THIS
VENTURE STARTED. LEM STEVENS
HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON MY
COMPANY — AND HE'S A
TOUGH MAN TO
DEAL WITH....!



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LATER!

HYAR SHE COMES, MEN. LET'S GO!

REACH FER A CLOUD, MISTER!



JUMPIN' GOPHERS ROAD AGENTS!

NIX - I'M REACHIN' FER MY WHIP YUH BLAMED OWLHOOTS! GIDDAP, HOSSES ... RIDE 'EM DOWN!



UGH...THEY GOT ME... MUH CHEST... KEEP GOIN' HOSSES... KEEP... KEEP GOIN' ...UGH...

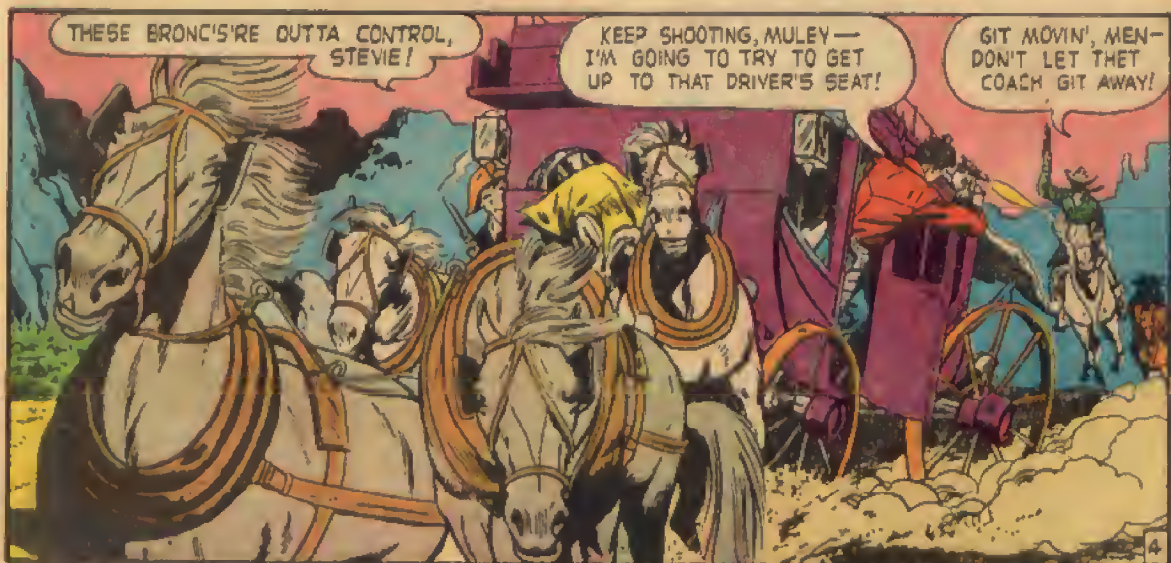
CRACK!



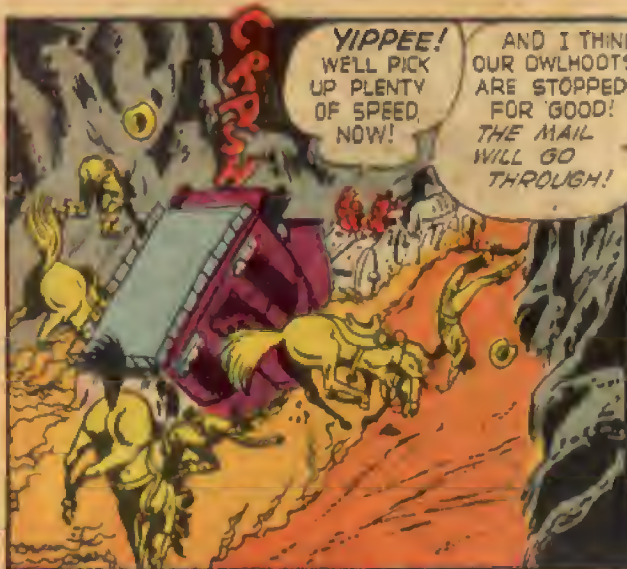
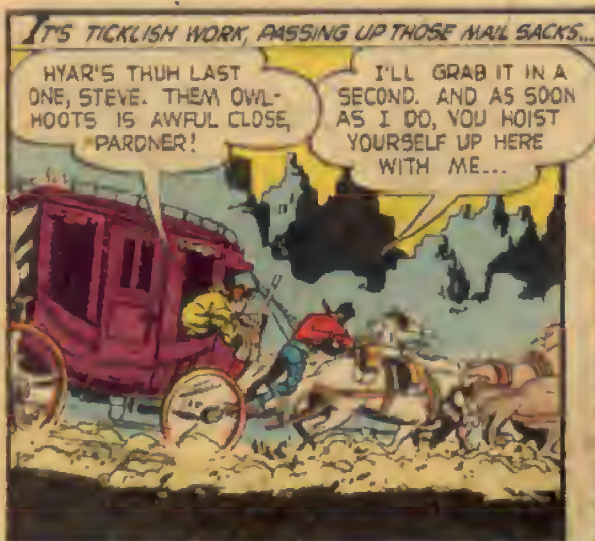
THESE BRONC'S'RE OUTTA CONTROL, STEVIE!

KEEP SHOOTING, MULEY - I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET UP TO THAT DRIVER'S SEAT!

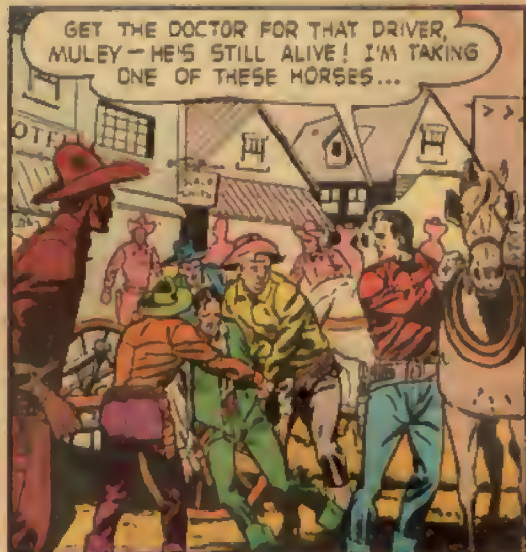
GIT MOVIN', MEN - DON'T LET THET COACH GIT AWAY!



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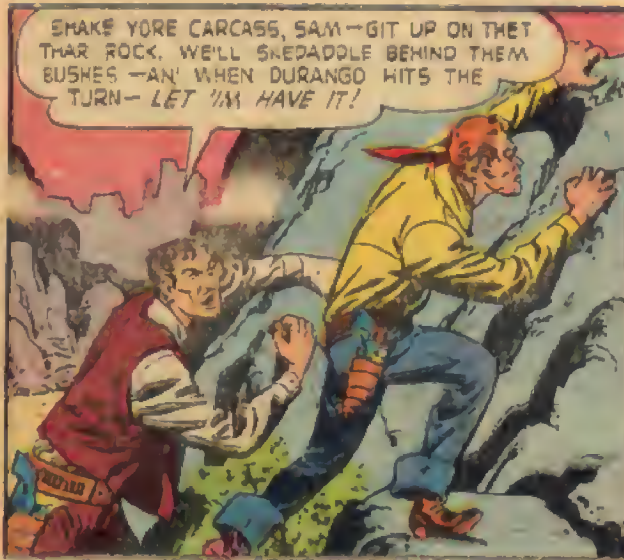
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JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER... AT A SECRET HIDEOUT...



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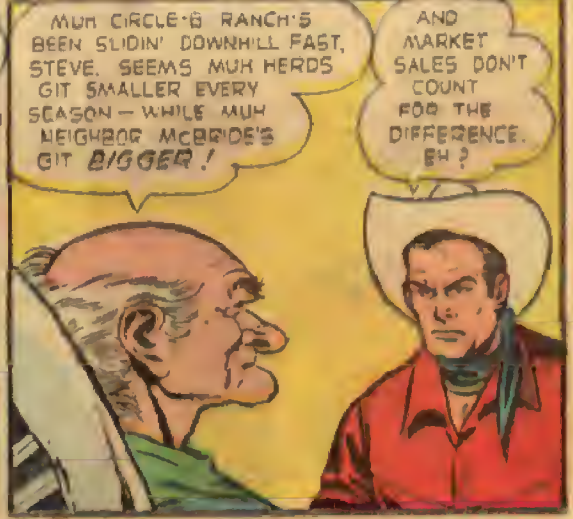
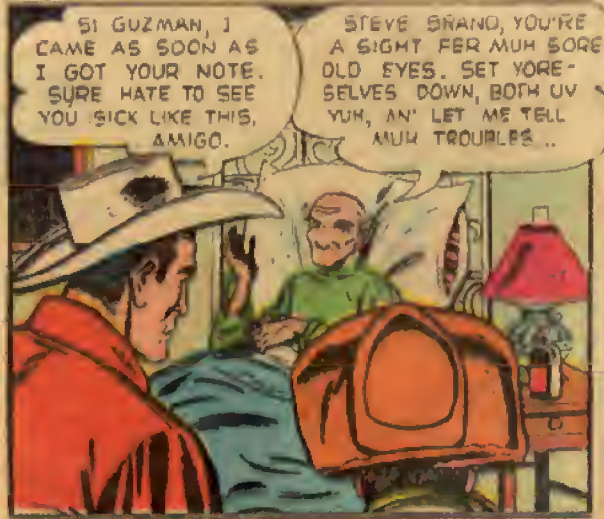
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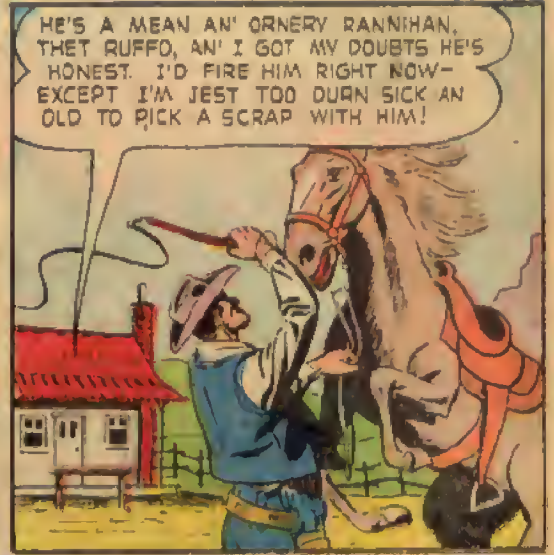
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WHEN DEATH BREATHES HARSH AND CLOSE, THERE'S NO TIME FOR FANCY PALAVER. IN A LAND WHERE LAW RIDES A HOT BULLET, A MAN HAS GOT TO LET HIS PISTOLS AND SIX-SHOOTER DO HIS TALKING FOR HIM. HE'S GOT TO PROVE HE'S — **"TOUGH AS THEY COME!"**



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YOU'LL WHAT? YIIIIII! TOUGH, EH?



TOUGH AS THEY COME, MISTER!

GNNNG!



NOW—LIKE I SAID—GET OFF AND STAY OFF!

I'LL BE BACK, BRAND! I'LL HAVE YOU CRAWLING YET!

McBRIDE, IN A WHITE HEAT OF FURY, THUNDERS INTO HIS OWN PLACE...



RUFFO! MIKE! DAKOTA JIM! ALL YOU GUNSLINGERS! COME OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO TONIGHT!



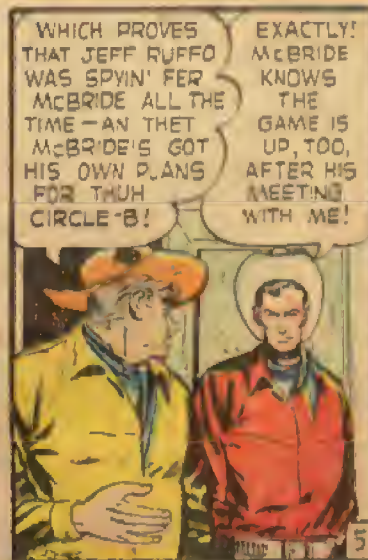
WE RIDE TONIGHT! WE'LL BUST GUZMAN FOR GOOD! HIS HERD'S REDUCED TO A FRAZZLE—AND TONIGHT WE'LL RUSTLE OFF WHAT'S LEFT! WE'LL SPLIT OUR FORCES IN TWO. RUFFO, YOU TAKE HALF THE MEN AND...



MEANWHILE...

SO McBRIDE TRIED TO BRIBE YOU!

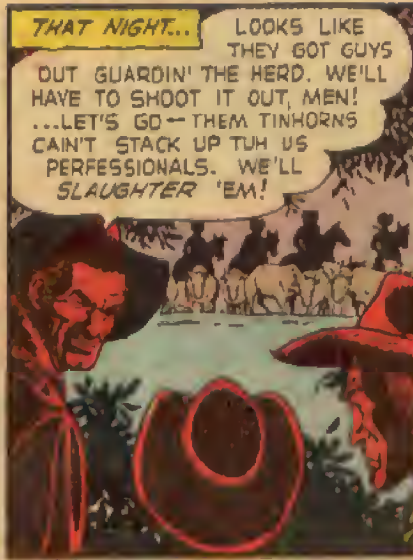
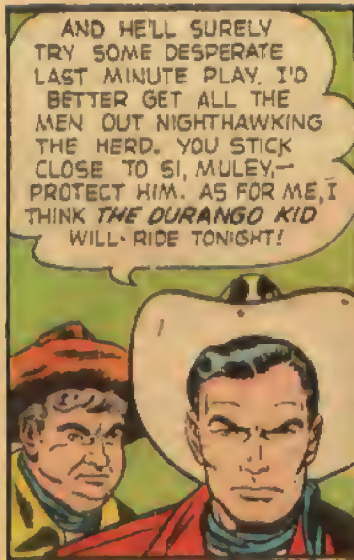
HE SURE FOUND OUT I WAS THE NEW FOREMAN QUICK ENOUGH. ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE GOT THE NEWS TO HIM SO SOON—AND THAT'S JEFF RUFFO!



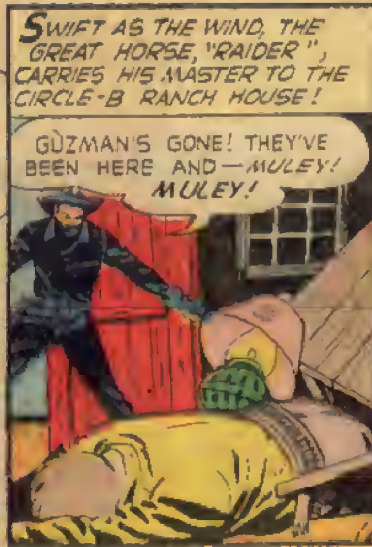
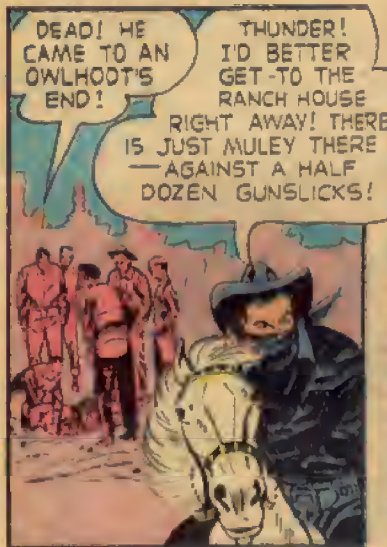
WHICH PROVES THAT JEFF RUFFO WAS SPYIN' FER McBRIDE ALL THE TIME—AN THET McBRIDE'S GOT HIS OWN PLANS FOR THUH CIRCLE-B!

EXACTLY! McBRIDE KNOWS THE GAME IS UP, TOO, AFTER HIS MEETING WITH ME!

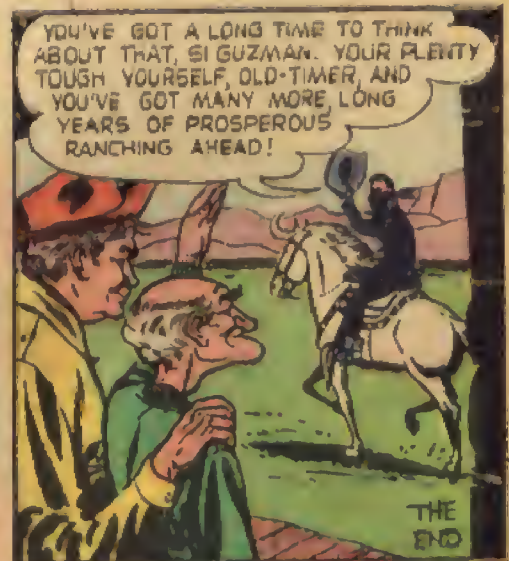
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Dan Brand and Tipi

A JUGGERNAUT ARMY OF REDCOATS AND HESSIANS SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA IN A POWERFUL BID TO CRUSH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. WHO WILL WARN THE PEOPLE OF THIS NEW THREAT? WHO WILL GIVE THE CALL TO ARMS? NONE OTHER THAN DAN BRAND AND TIE, RIDING A FRAIL CRAFT THROUGH THEIR MOST PERILOUS PASSAGE, SLITHERING THROUGH THE DREADED

"River Gauntlet!"



THE BRITISH ARMY SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA THROUGH THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK...

HERE'S OUR PLAN, GENTLEMEN—WE'RE MARCHING SOUTH FROM CANADA ... AND AT ALBANY WE WILL MEET WITH GENERAL HOWE'S FORCES, NOW MARCHING NORTH. DO YOU APPRECIATE THE -ER- SIGNIFICANCE, GENTLEMEN?

I SAY RAW-THER, GENERAL BURGOYNE—RAW-THER!



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A CANOE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY HIDDEN AMONG THE REEDS...



LUCKY FOR US
THERE'S NO MOON.
DIG, TIPI — DIG!

ZOUNDS, THEY
GOT AWAY —
DOUBTLESS TO
WARN THE REBELS
OF OUR PLANS! I
SAY WHAT ROTTEN,
BLOODY LUCK!

I GOT AN
IDEA,
GENERAL
BURGOYNE...



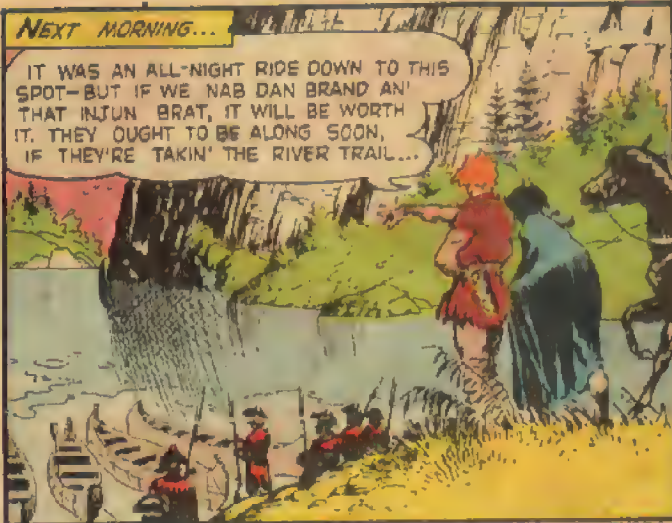
WITH A FEW SCORE MEN
ON HORSEBACK, I'LL BE
ABLE TO CUT BRAND
OFF FARTHER DOWN THE
RIVER BY MORNING. I
KNOW WHERE TO BORROW
CANOES, TOO!

EXCELLENT!
SEE THAT
HE DOESN'T
GET PAST
YOU THIS
TIME!



NEXT MORNING...

IT WAS AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE DOWN TO THIS
SPOT — BUT IF WE NAB DAN BRAND AND
THAT INJUN BRAT, IT WILL BE WORTH
IT. THEY OUGHT TO BE ALONG SOON,
IF THEY'RE TAKIN' THE RIVER TRAIL...



HERE THEY
COME!
SHOVE OFF!

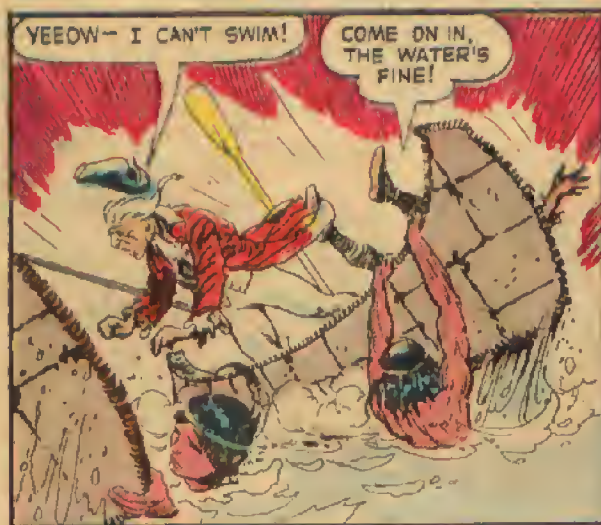


WHAT SHALL
WE DO, DAN?

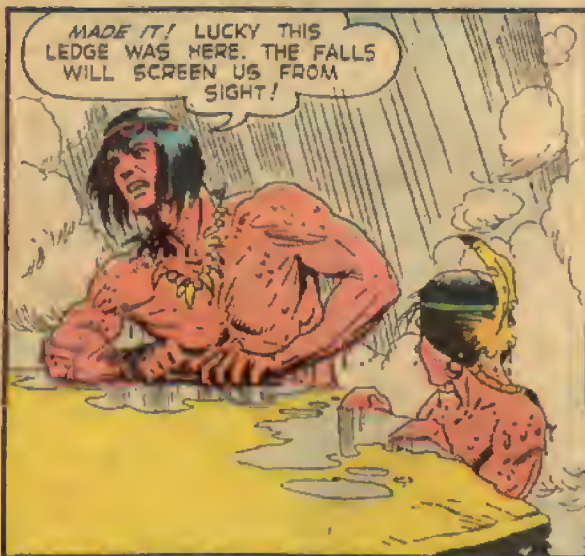
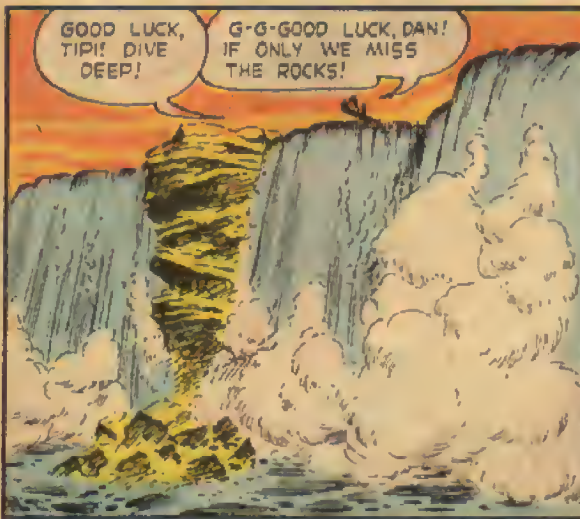
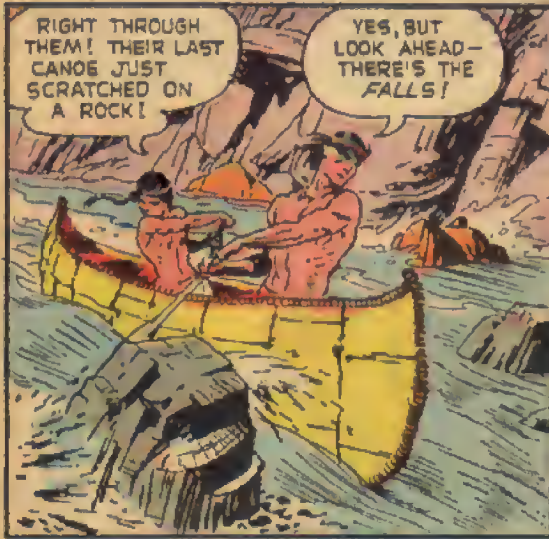
ONLY ONE THING TO DO,
TIPI. THEY'VE SET UP A
RIVER GAUNTLET — AND
WE'LL HAVE TO RUN IT!
LET'S GO!



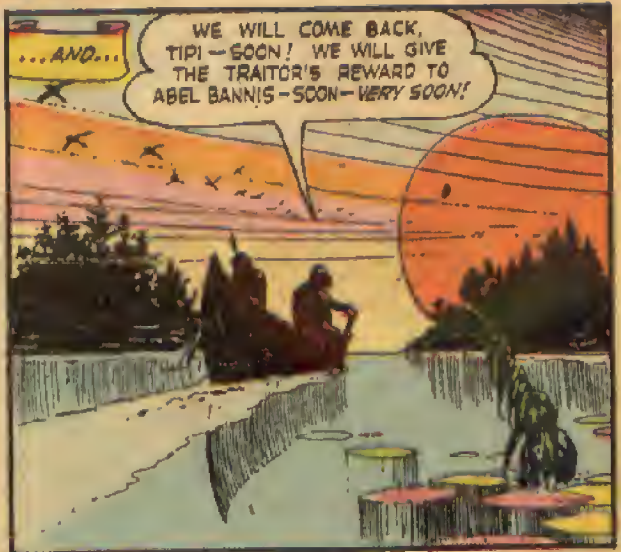
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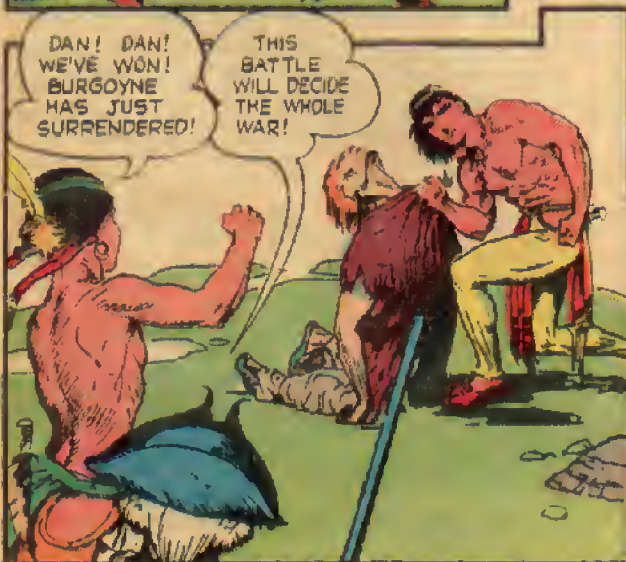
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THE SHELLBELT, with its row of brass-studded cartridges and the walnut-handled Colt sixgun, felt heavy and familiar to sheriff Tate Lucas as he strapped it around his lean waist. His glance caught his face reflected from the broken old mirror in front of which he shaved every morning. His face was lined, grim. His black hair was edged with gray at his temples, and above the ears. *I've been a long time doing this*, he thought to himself. *Buckling on my gun and belt and going out after another young hombre who think he's too fast for any man who wears the star badge.*

He stomped on his worn, highheeled boots across the wooden floor, raising the dust of the last twenty years. His spurs jingled faintly, musically. He'd gotten those spurs down in Nogales, the time he'd gone after Greaser Sam, who held up the Saddle Gap stage ten or twelve years ago. Huh, seemed like only yesterday he was coming in the swinging doors and The Greaser was going for his gun, his dark eyes a little wide with the sudden terror in them. Sooner or later they all got that look in their eyes, he reflected.

Tate Lucas stopped on the worn board walk outside his little office and looked upstreet, seeing the Studebaker wagons and buckboards, the quartermaster wagon from Fort Cobb, the horses reined to the hitchrail in front of the *Prairie Queen* and the *Lilly Girl*.

"Time was, there'd be only horses on the street. Horses, and fifteen saloons instead of just two."

Now there were general stores, two barber shops, a millinery store and a stagecoach depot, with the big false-fronted bank building siding it. *Tate, you're gettin' old*, he told

himself. He looked down at his hands, slowly turning them, seeing the fingers still long and powerful, curving to fit gunbutt and trigger — but now he could see lines in them, that the constant blaze of Texas sunlight had put there, after twenty years of riding the brush, chasing owlhoots.

Luke Whittington went by in his rig, calling out and waving a hand. He saw Miz Tucker and Miz Leahy moving into the new-fangled photography parlor. Shaking his head, he came out onto the dust of the street and across to Blaze, his pinto. *The town's growing up, and it's passing you by, like it passed the Judas tree they cut down last week so Abner Kraft could put his new food emporium close to the milliner's shop and hardware store.*

Chris Fannin came down off the hitchrail at sight of him. Young Chris said, "Paw sent me 'long to say howdy, sir. He said as how you might like somebody to talk to, up in the Himakapas."

The sheriff smiled wistfully. He remembered the night Chris had been born, eighteen years ago. Weren't many ranches in the valley then. Or stores in town, for that matter. Chris Fannin could shoot the eye out of a rattlesnake's head at three hundred yards with a Winchester. His Paw and Tate Lucas had started ranching together in the valley. Yancey Fannin had stuck to ranching. Tate had given it up, once he made some money, and since he was fast with a Colt, he took to wearing the star badge. Old Yancey didn't want to lose his checkers opponent — and the 'Pache Kid was reputed a sure bet to down a man who'd seen his best days. So he'd sent his boy along to cover old Tate's trail.

The sheriff said, "I'm just riding to take a look-see, Chris. You copper it that I'll call you when I need you." But his mind whispered, *It's your job to go out into the Himakapas where the Kid is holed in, and eat lead. You can't take this boy with you to die, fool!*

Young Chris watched him as he swung into the kak, squinting against the sunlight. He opened his lips, flushed, and looked away. Tate Lucas smiled.

"You go tell yore paw I'll come back at sundown, an' he better be pretty plumb hot tonight. I aim to beat him three checkers games out of five."

Chris chuckled. Range courtesy forbade him to force himself. He shifted the rifle and wondered how this old codger would get it, for the whole Territory knew the 'Pache Kid was death in boots to any man who wore a law badge.



The sheriff rode out of town and into the morning sunlight shelving down off the slopes of the Lower Himakapas. His Win-

THE DURANGO KID

Chester rubbed his knee in its worn, cracked-leather saddle sheath. His old Colt was a comforting weight on his right hip. He sniffed in the pine-scented air, and loosened the buttons of his range jacket.

The 'Pache Kid was a killer. He'd robbed two trains and twenty stages, and one bank. He was wanted for murdering a widow and her two children for thirty-five double eagles. He carried two rifles and three revolvers, a hunting knife and a tomahawk. He shot first and never stopped to ask questions. Rumor had it that among his nine victims were three sheriffs and a Texas Ranger. Tate strongly doubted that the Kid had ever shot and killed a sheriff, much less a Ranger.

"He's young," Tate told his pinto. "Not nineteen yet, an' wild as a unbroke Morgan horse. Mebbe he killed two white men. Mebbe even three, four greasers. The rest was Injuns — an' not wild ones, at that."

Tate Lucas had a magnificent scorn for the "modern" bad man. He had ridden stirrup to stirrup with Wild Bill Hickok and John Wesley Hardin. He'd seen Billy Tilghman throw down on the notorious Bill Doolin. Even when he'd been covered by an outlaw's guns in the past, Tate Lucas had been cool, confident.

"They go bad too young now," he was fond of telling Yancey Fannin. "They don't take the time to learn their trade."

That was all he had — the confidence of a man grown tired under the weight of a sheriff's badge, and a gun that seldom missed — if he got the chance to use it.

He swung the pinto's head toward the timber belt and urged him to a lope.



The pinto came out from the shadow of the lava rock as the bullet took off in a ricochet an inch from his left foreleg, and went *spanning* into the sky. The saddle creaked, and a shadow moved, and then Tate Lucas lay belly-down, with a rifle cuddled under his chin. His alert blue eyes went dancing from rock to rock above him.

He saw the shadow move, and fired. A yelp of surprise answered him. Might be he was giving away a hole card by letting the Kid know what he could do with a rifle, but he couldn't resist. Take the Kid down a peg or two in his own estimation. Teach the Kid a bit of respect for the star badge!

He inched forward, sliding so that his back was protected by a jutting lip of rock above him. He moved like an Indian, so quietly that no sound bothered the chirp-chirp of a road-runner. Idly he watched the little bird dart and circle, then race off. He was joined by two more, and they moved into the rocks.

With a plainsman's eye, Tate saw the moulted feathers here and there on the rocks,

whatever he looked. He slid on, rifle in his hand.

Fully an hour later, he was less than a hundred yards from his head-drooping pinto pony. But he was fifty feet higher than he had been, and much of the rocky formation of the Himakapas lay under him. He squirmed closer to the rock, seeking the last bit of shade he could find, against the hot bite of the nooning sun. *It's sit and wait, now, he said to himself. One of us is goin' to get plumb impatient right soon — but it ain't gain' to be me!*



The 'Pache Kid dozed fitfully in the little cavemouth. He was part Indian, and patience flowed with the blood in his veins. He could lie here and doze for hours. He lifted his head slightly, staring around him, at the sun-baked rocks, at the nodding pinto two hundred yards away.

He turned lazily to settle himself more comfortably when he heard the vicious *whirrrr* of an angry rattler.

"Por Dios!" he snarled under his breath, and shifted position abruptly, his cheeks whitening under their habitual bronze.

He looked around and saw no snake. He snorted. Again the rattles whirred, dry and crisp like fall leaves in a breeze, scurrying across the ground.

"Better git 'em up, son," said a kindly voice.

The 'Pache Kid whirled and cursed. Tate Lucas stood less than ten feet above him, on a rock overhang, a Colt trained on the Kid's middle. In his hand was a long string, and tied to that, the dried remains of a rattlesnake's rattles. He whirled them again, and grinned.

The 'Pache kid went for his gun. Tate waited until he got it out, then he shot him. He shot to kill, remembering the widow and her two sons. The Kid slid down and lay there, still and silent.

Tate said, "Trouble with you young fellers is, you never take time to learn yore trade. Where there's road-runners, you'll never find rattlesnakes. The runners eat 'em. So many runners 'round these rocks a self-respecting rattler wouldn't stand a chance."

He blew smoke from his gun and Colt and inserted a new shell. He was hot and sweaty. He'd have time for a swim in the creek, if he hurried. He didn't want to be late for his checkers game with Yancey Fannin. That was the only fun he had, any more. The rest of it — chasin' young owlhoots too green to know their business — was gettin' so easy it was boring.

Tate whistled for the Pinto and began moving down the rock.

THE END



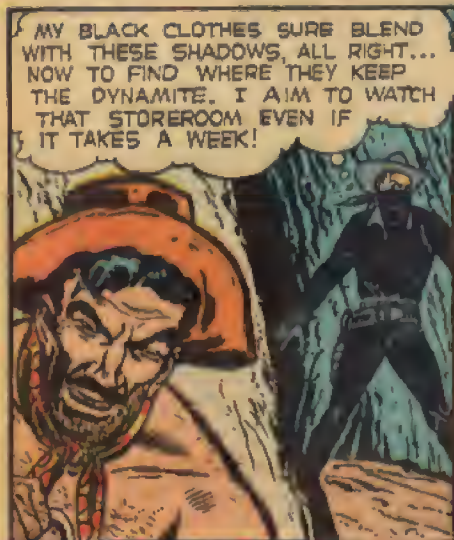
THE MASKED DYNAMITER BROWLS THROUGH THE GHASTLY WRECKAGE...

THIS IS THE *SMART* WAY TUH HOLD UP A STAGE ALL RIGHT! SHORE HOPE THET PAYROLL BOX IS IN ONE PIECE!

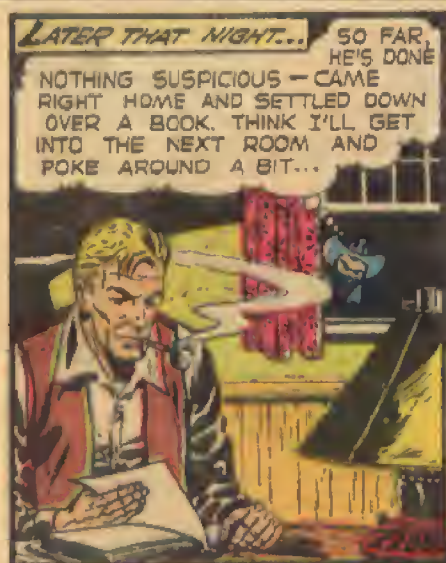
IT /G/! BETTER GIT AWAY FAST NOW—AFORE SOMEONE COMES POKIN' 'ROUND TUH SEE WHUT THUH BLAST WUZ ALL ABOUT!



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THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BE TRICKED LIKE THAT, BUT FIRST—TO SEE IF BARNES IS ALL RIGHT...



WHA-WHAT HAPPENED? THAT EXPLOSION...

TAKE IT EASY, BARNES—YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOTHING BROKEN! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW JUST HOW CLOSE TO DEATH YOU WERE!



I'LL BE BACK—RIGHT AFTER I GET THE SKUNK WHO DID THIS! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!



AND *THIS* TIME—I KNOW JUST EXACTLY WHERE TO GO! *THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO KNEW I WAS MISTAKENLY TRAILING BARNES!*



HELLO, GEOFFREYS!

DURANGO!
WELL—ANY LUCK?



PLENTY OF LUCK, GEOFFREYS, I KNOW THE DYNAMITE KILLER!

YUH DONT SAY! YUH MEAN IT WUZ BARNES?



NO—THE DYNAMITE KILLER IS *YOU!*

YUH'RE CRAZIER'N A LOON, DURANGO! YUH GOT NO PROOF O' THAT!

THE DURANGO KID



Easy HYPNOTISM Course



**READ IT
10 DAYS
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